

You're Wrong (redone)

by Meta Write

Category: Warriors

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-13 17:06:17

Updated: 2016-04-13 17:06:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:41:13

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 320

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: If the voice in your head tells you that you cannot paint, then by all means paint, and that voice will be silenced. Ravenkit wants to go outside. But the mocking calls of his littermates always held him back. Today, however, is different. Challenge for LightClan, redone.

You're Wrong (redone)

***_If the voice in your head tells you that you cannot paint, then by all means paint, and that voice will be silenced." _**

I do not own Warriors. The series is owned by Erin Hunter.

**Challenge for LightClan. **

* * *

><p>Ravenkit wanted to go outside. To feel the crisp breeze brushing over his pelt, to look around at the camp dappled with bright, warm sunlight. He wanted to go outside so much. But the mocking voices of his fellow littermates and kits always held him back.<p>

"You? You're kidding right? You're too little!" They would laugh. Their cold stares pierced him, and always, _always, _he would listen to them. He would go back inside.

His mother, too, kept him from seeing the wonders outside. "You're far too young, yet, Ravenkit," she would say, lapping at his head quietly. And he would listen.

"Yes, mother," he would mew quietly, curling back up next to her as he looked around at the dark, warm nursery.

But today was different.

"You're wrong!" He would yowl triumphantly, wriggling out of the

nursery and running out into the cold clearing painted white. He would roll around in the white, fluffy stuff- snow, as mother had called it,- then stand up, shaking the colorless flakes from his dark pelt. He would lap at his nose, purring quietly as he would taste a flake of snow that had fallen there, only to melt quickly. He would lift his amber gaze to glance around quietly, his tail would lash in the cool breeze before he would pause, hearing the words of the leader, Stonestar.

"We're one cat short!" the tom would call, gathering Ravenkit's interest almost immediately. He would turn his attention to the patrol near Stonestar, noticing that, indeed, there was one too few cats. Stonestar would sigh, turning away nonetheless, and lead his patrol out of the camp.

And Ravenkit would follow.

End
file.